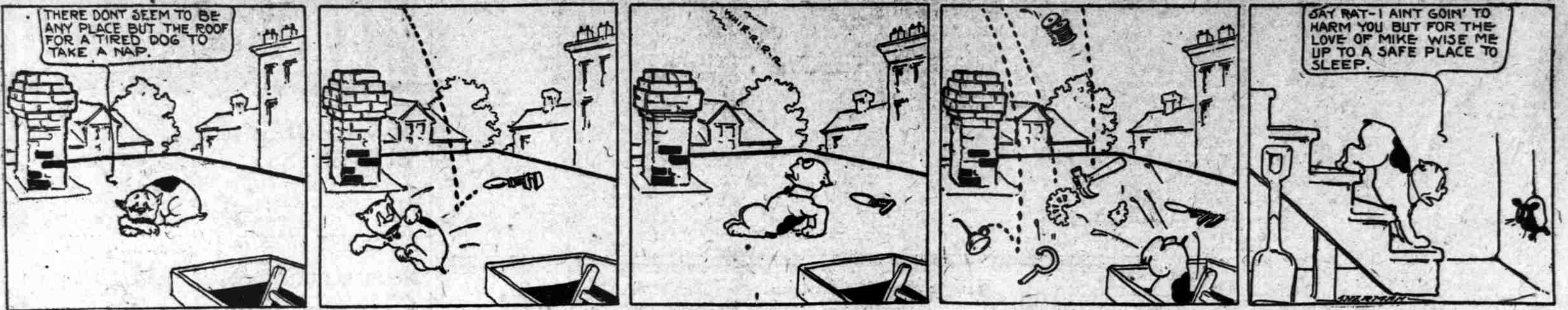


Pete Doesn't Care for These Aeroplanic Days

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE REAL LOVE LETTERS OF HIS BRIDE TO BE

That He Received
Telling the Plans



DEAREST—Your letter this morning found me woefully blue. To begin with, it was raining, I had a headache and your letter was dreadfully short, all of which were enough to send the seesaw of my emotions down into gloom instead of up into the sunshine. I was terribly cross about it until dad, with that funny little smile of his, suggested that I lay aside my feminine nature, with its propensity to jump at conclusions, and be masculine enough to "figure out the situation."

Then he read the weather report, which said "fair and warmer tomorrow," bade me take a good cup of coffee for my head and read between the lines of your letter, which would make it doubly long; all of which I did, with the result that I have been singing with happiness all day, in spite of the rain.

It sounds foolish now it's written, and yet it's true—true, also, that moods may come and moods may go, but so long as love goes on forever nothing can make me blue for very long.

Four Long Weeks

Do you realize, dearest, that you have been gone for more than a month—more than four long weeks? And yet such is the kindness of old Father Time, he has hurried them past and their very speed makes the time of your return seem nearer.

Do you think you can get home for Thanksgiving? Oh, if you only could; if I could only just satisfy myself that you were still you, that even your hair was still growing the same way and that you weren't getting tired and thin from so much work, I'd feel easier in my mind, I know. But I feel, too, that such a thing is a dream woven of the fabric of the rainbows (only sunshine filtering through the clouds of separation), and I dare not set my heart upon it too much.

Economy of Space

Mother has been giving me a lesson on the "economy of space" in the house today, showing me the why and wherefore of having a place to put everything, the building of shelves to fit one's needs and the careful arrangement of everything so as to use as little space as possible. She says that she had to learn it all when she was little, together with a funny little verse that she taught me:

"A little place for everything
Will keep the whole house neat,
And don't forget to put things back
To make all clean and sweet.
The little maid who learns to keep
Each thing within its place,
Will make a gentle, charming wife
That any home will grace."

Isn't it dear and quaint and old-fashioned? I laughed over it, yet the tears were near my eyes, for I seemed to see mother and dad planning and arranging, in their first little home so long ago, to "make all clean and sweet," and I thought of the joy of applying this new knowledge of mine for "our home," and the thought set my brain and heart awirl again with the happiness that seems to hedge me about with joyous thoughts.

So, after all, despite the rain, the day has been a sunny one, with the best kind of sunshine, the cheeriness that comes from contentment. Good night, dear.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"The far east seems to be the thing in drama today," said the stage-struck youth as he hitched up his trousers to avoid any possible baginess. "Yep," said the stage doorkeeper, as he kicked the door shut, "it was a long time coming, but it's here at last. Ever since that man wrote that book, let me

see, he had a name like he had a session with a bunch of poison ivy—oh, yes, Hichens. I've been looking for a spasm of oriental drama.

'N' Here It Is

"N' here it is. It is in our midst so's to speak. We have 'The Garden of Allah,' 'The Arab' and 'Kismet' all at once fell swoop as it were. The papers and magazines are all full of pictures of authors and actors snooping around the Soudan with cork helmets on 'lookin' for local color. And all of them Jersey City orientals that was forced out of business by the big fire at Coney Island are wearin' smiles that refuse to evaporate. The Aborn Opera Company had better make an iron clad contract with that bunch of bounding camel drivers that helped the 'Bohemian Girl' along to success the past two seasons. 'I suppose it won't be long until we'll have the alleys back of the play houses all smelled up with camels and dromedaries and donkeys and nobody will dare eat anything' but dates for lunch. I can see the bunch now draggin' the imitation palm trees out of the prop room and tunin' up the wind machine to a simoon pitch.

It's New Business

"It's new business, and I for one, am glad for that innovation stuff. There's been nothin' like it since Blanche Bates was tourin' of the country in 'Under Two Flags.' She had atmosphere galore and I used to get my eyes so full of a sign like askin' me to have a drink." "Do you think this new era of the eastern drama will be a success?" asked the S. S. Y. "I dunno," answered the S. D. K., "but we're liable to have the antithesis next year and play up the wild west for a change. Now wouldn't it be funny if they starred Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Dittie in the drama? What?"

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY
The objection of the golf club fogies to people playing in their shirt sleeves is that it makes the game as easy as work—The Pink 'Un.

Knew Him

Uncle Bagge—Here, my boy, throw away that cigar at once.
Boy—Yes, an' you'll pick it up an' smoke. No fear, if you just follow me up I'll give you the butt.

By JAMES H. HAMMON

Drawn for The Washington Times.

ALGY

He Gets His Frame-Up
Back at Last



Loretta's Looking Glass

SEE HOWS IT UP TO THE
Woman Who Straightens the Chairs



"D O come again SOON. It has been such a pleasure to have you!"
As you say the words, you are executing a kind of sidestep toward the chair in which your guest sat. She sees the half smile upon your lips. But she also sees the sideways glance in your eyes. Warm as the words are, they lack the real hot water bottle soothing, something that should mark them. Your eye and your crablike movement are cold-waterish!

At last, as she makes a few parting remarks, you reach the goal of your desire. Your hands close over the back of the chair. You shove it gently to the exact spot where it was when she arrived. A consciousness that she had dislocated one of your domestic members overwhelms her with a sense of discomfort as painful as tight shoes on a hot day with corns sprouting.

Your Anxiety Disappears

You have no sooner restored the chair to its accustomed place on the very pattern in the carpet, where it is beginning to wear a hole, than your anxiety disappears. You repeat your effusive wishes for more of her society. You insist that she shall not regard the formality of call for call. You urge her "just to run in" any time. You emphasize that your house is right on her way downtown. You ask her to keep its location in mind, and drop in often.

The only location she has room for mentally at the moment is the spot where that chair has been replaced. You could talk till you had paralysis of the vocal cords and suffered with an acute attack of suffocation before

you could convince her that she would be welcome—if she happened to get the chair in which she sat an inch out of line! She has a definite impression that you are such a fussy prude that you are not desirable as a friend. She resents your extreme attention to detail, instead of to her. Your "divided duty" has gotten over-balanced, and teetered so far toward the chair that you cannot impress her with the belief that she counts when your upholstery is in question. Anyway, if she ever does come again—I should not in her place!—she will be afraid to rock, even. A long breath will fill her with poignancy.



WHEN I GET TO RUNNING THE UNIVERSE

ONE SHAVE
\$1.50 PLEASE?

THE GRAFTING TONSORIAL MECHANIC WILL HAVE HIS HAIR CUT WITH A LAWN MOWER AND BE SHAVED WITH A RUSTY AX EVERY DAY

ant dread, lest she move the chair an iota from its place.
You CANNOT have friends and continue to have such an overwhelming and obnoxious desire for precision. It's terribly uncomfortable to feel that the instant one is out of your house, you are actively at work removing all trace of a foreign presence. No one wants to entertain the idea that they have "mussed up" things. It gets in under their pride, and stings like salt in a tomato-can cut.
Does it strike you as being a very pleasant memory to carry away? The departing guest objects to feeling that she has left tracks which you hasten to obliterate, as if they actually smelled bad, or looked dirty.

A Fussy Crank
It isn't wonder to me, or to the guest, that you have the unsavory reputation of being "too nice for anything." That means that you are considered a fussy crank. If the guest gets a chance, she retaliates by calling you names. Maybe, she is too well bred to get any vocal exercise out of the operation; but you can take the word of one who has felt her feelings that her brain convulsions are echoing with the unfattering names she thinks.
She begins with deciding that you are one of those "nicey-nice" persons. She re-sees your hand stealing into toward the cushioned chair. If you have added the crowning affront to your performance by surreptitiously wiping the mahogany with your handkerchief to remove the trace of her touch, she huris her revenge at you in the form of the most obnoxious epithet. She thinks you are "nasty-nea!"

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

The World is Cram
Full of Villains, But

THAT PLAYS SHOW 'EM UP



THE festive season has rolled around again, Belle, when the proprietors of poplar music stores dust out their show windows, chorus girls lay in the season's stock of rouge and matinee idols shine up the photographs taken ten years ago for the annual display in the lobby. Belle, the theatrical season has opened, and I just love the theater.

If it wasn't for the theater, Belle, how would we ever learn what villains there is in this world? It's the only way innocent fellows and girls can get the education that'll warn 'em to bolt the front door and the back gate after they get married and keep 'em bolted all day to prevent the villains and villainesses from snoopin' in and robbin' them of each other's affections.

No play can succeed nowadays without havin' at least one designin' character whose sole object in life is to sneak through four acts tryin' to yank married affections up by the roots. The public expects it, and when the public expects a thing that costs money there's always somebody to supply it.

Things Just Start With the Wedding

So, Belle, if you believe you can stop to breathe after you've landed your man, make a little pastebord investment and drop in to see any play in town that's not one o' those riots with music known as musical comedies.

It's gen'r'ly the husband that falls in love with somebody that's not his wife, but after the fellows that write the plays have turned out half a dozen of 'em, they get so they can have the wife fallin' in love with the villain, the husband fallin' in love with the villainess and all of 'em havin' a battle royal in a great finale scene, with everybody denouncin' everybody else at the same time and the thunder playin' the deuce outside the window.

I had a terrible dream the other night, Belle. I dreamed I went to see a play in five acts, and not a single villain or villainess showed up in the first or the second or the third, and the audience began to make a rumblin' noise like an invisible scene, and when the curtain went up on the fourth act and there wasn't a villain or villainess in sight to grab the affections of the leadin' lady or the leadin' man and run, the audience rose as one man and pulled revolvers out o' their pockets and began to shoot.

I woke up just in time to escape bein' killed, Belle, but just think, wouldn't it be awful if somebody should happen to write a play where all the characters were happy?

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

Confound it, sed pop yestidday mornin', wen he dropped his kollier buttin, there gos the only kollier buttin I own in the world.
The kollier buttin rolled undir the bed and pop tried to reach it, but Karlo, wich is our wattr spanyelpuppie dog, got undir the bed first, havin' moar legs to get undir with, and picked up the kollier buttin in his mouth.
Heer Karlo, heer Karlo, sed pop verry nice, as if he liked Karlo verry much, wich he dont.
But Karlo ran out of the uthir side of the bed and got undir the bewro, awn akkount of bein' so littil he cood get undir anything, I gess.

Heer Karlo!

Heer Karlo, nise littil mizbrill fleebittin mongril, sed pop, gettin' down awn the floor and trying to look undir the bewro and not bein' abill to awn akkount of bumpin' his hed. But Karlo jest stayed undir the bewro chewin' awn the kollier buttin, bekaus I cood heer him.
Izent he the playful, littil animule, sed ma, and pop sed Yes, he izent, and he took a umbraller and startid to poke it undir the bewro.
Good grayshus, sed ma, dont do

that, do you want to hert the poor littil fello. If you poke him with that umbraller, I will skream, she sed.

Do you realize, madim, sed pop, that this senelias dog of yurse has got the only kollier buttin I pizeas in the world, and do you realize that I am already late fer the orfide.

I dont kare, sed ma, dont you poke that dog, hes a sweet 'trel thing, he is, and you had no bizness to drop yure old kollier buttin.
Look heer, mothir, sed pop, he reaznible fer wunes. If im late at the orfide agen the boss will be soar at me and forget awt about he promised me a raise, he sed, and if I dont poke that dog out frum undir there how can I get dressed without a kollier buttin. Ill tell you wat ill do, he sed, ill give you that 5 kollira you wantid for noo shens if you poke that confounded animule out of there.

Give it to me first, sed ma, and pop gave it to her, and ma poked Karlo out frum undir the bewro with the umbraller.
Holy amookas, sed pop, he has swallered the thing.
Wich he had.

The Necktie Case; Or, Keep It Dark

"I'm all out of breath," she panted. "Try a little air from 'Tannhäuser,'" invited the great detective suavely, as he drew forth his violin.

"No, thanks," she said, "I feel better



now. When neckties disappear, do you take the case?"

"It all depends on the neckties," returned the great detective.

"Oh, these neckties were beautiful, lovely, wonderful, scrumptious! They were my husband's, and for color, design and general artistic effect, not a reacher away from the house could touch them. For months visitors at my house admired them as they hung on my husband's tie rack. And then, Thursday last, they disappeared. Will you take the case?"

"Madam," asked the great detective, earnestly, "where did your husband get the neckties?"

"I gave them to him."

"Madam," said the great detective again, as he winked at the ceiling, "this is one of the cases that I must give up as unsolvable. I will send the bill to your husband."

